Enter Piſtoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his ſwelling, and his turki-cockes.
God pleſſe you Ancient Piſtoll, you ſcall,
Beggerly, lowſy knaue, God pleſſe you.
Piſt. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Doſt thou thurſt baſe Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.
Flew. Ancient Piſtoll,
I would deſire you becauſe it doth not agree
With your ſtomackes, and your appetites,
And your digeſtions, to eate this Leeke.
Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Piſtol.
He ſtrikes him.

Piſt. Baſe Troyan, thou ſhalt dye.
Flewellen. I, I know I ſhall dye:
But in the meane time, I would deſire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue aſtoniſht him, it is enough.
Flewel. Aſtoniſht him,
By Ieſu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate ſome part of my Leeke.
Piſt. Well muſt I bite?
Flew. I out of queſtion, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You muſt bite.

He makes Ancient Piſtoll bite of the Leeke.
Piſtol. Good, good.

Flewel.